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It is the *only* one which a woman can operate *without fatigue*, and is the *only* piano player whose *touch* is *absolutely non-mechanical*. We prove all we claim if you give us the opportunity. Address:

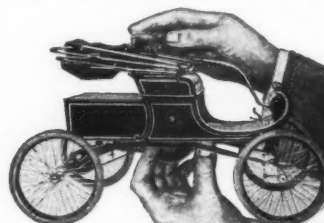
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Twenty-three years of experience in gasoline, motor and automobile manufacture is embodied in the construction of this practical automobile.

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**Price \$650.**

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Leave Chicago this evening on the

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via the El Paso-Rock Island route and in less than three days you will arrive at Los Angeles.

An hour later you can be on the shores of the Pacific, listening to the roar of the surf, drinking in the wine-like air; the bluest of blue skies above you and the most charming landscapes in America all about you. This, mind you, at a time of year when the thermometer at home is 'way below zero and the newspapers are filled with details of the "greatest snow-storm in years."



Cut out this ad and mail it, with name and address, and beautifully illustrated book about California will be sent free. Tickets, berths and full information at this office.

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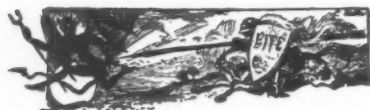


# LIFE

## FEBRUARY



## MY VALENTINE



"While there is Life there's Hope."

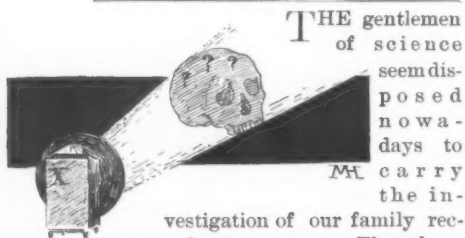
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE gentlemen of science seem disposed nowadays to carry the investigation of our family records to excess. They keep digging up all sorts of human documents which they connect with us without asking leave. A man's skeleton was dug out of a hillside in Kansas a few months ago, which was supposed to antedate the glacial period, though sober second thought has since modernized it somewhat. But there was nothing mortifying to our pride about the Kansas man. His bones were creditable enough bones, as bones go. But more recently still there have been dug out of the subcellar of a cave in Croatia, Austria, parts of the skeletons of human creatures estimated to have lived more than two hundred thousand years ago. These last relics make somewhat for our dismay. The scientific gentlemen have deduced from them a man who had no forehead to speak of, and no chin; who had a very long head, a flat face, enormous teeth in huge jaws, a long body, short legs and curved thigh bones. They think he could speak a little, that he walked with difficulty, and that he was a cannibal. They do not waste compliments on him, but they insist that he was a man.

It seems a mistake to have too much ancestry, but at least these Croatian relics show that we have improved in

looks, and even while our pride suffers there is a certain amount of encouragement in realizing how far we have come.



FROM the Croatian man to Mr. Hewitt, for example, is a very long step. Nothing has been too good to say of Mr. Hewitt since he died, and it is comfortable to remember that in his case we did not wait until he died before expressing our sentiments about him. For a good while, by something like common consent, he had been regarded as New York's first citizen. He had opponents—a man as active in affairs as he is bound to have opponents—but if he ever had enemies, he had outlived them, and he had pretty much outlived opposition too. He had come to be so generally recognized as a wise and devoted servant of the public, that his desires and opinions on any matter of concern to the people of New York had more influence than those of any other man. He was so tireless in well-doing, wise in counsel and effective in action, that it was a great advantage to this community to have him live his time so well and gloriously out. He was successful in the common, limited sense of the world, for he accumulated wealth, but we admired him not for what he acquired but for what he gave out, and not even for the money he gave, but for his lavish bestowal of himself—his time, his strength, his heart and his judgment—on matters that concerned the present happiness and future welfare of his fellow-countrymen. It is invaluable to any city or any country to have in it men of supreme ability who are aggressively good, and make it a part of their daily duty to work for righteousness in time present, and for the betterment of generations to come. Such men leave the world better than they found it, and it is by their efforts that civilization moves on.



ANOTHER admirable citizen, whose light we trust may long shine to provoke his fellow-countrymen to good

works, is Governor Taft of Ohio and the Philippines. His choice of an occupation, as we all know, is to be a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, and as we also know, the President is more than ready, when the chance offers, to give him what he wants. But he went to Manila to help to do our work there, and though it is not particularly good for him to be there, and his health has suffered, the Filipinos feel that it is particularly good for them to have him there, and he has put his own hopes and wishes behind him again and will stay in the Philippines until he can better be spared than now. Manila protested so fervently when he proposed to come home that he relented. It indicates a hopeful pitch of intelligence in the Filipinos that they appreciate Governor Taft, and his self-sacrificing preference of the duty at hand to other and more congenial labors will be gratefully remembered by his fellow-countrymen.

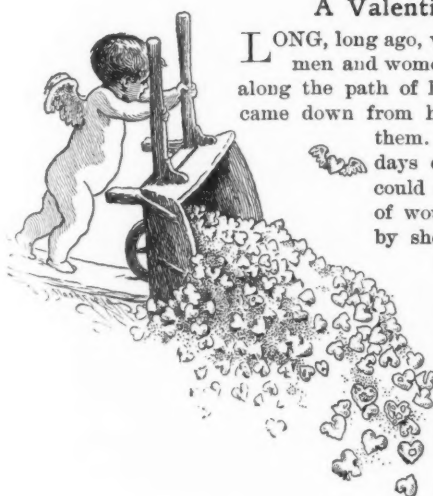


THE Flatiron building in New York is extremely tall of its age, and extremely flat. Its renown has gone very much abroad. It advertises itself in the papers pictorially and in type, and also by its flirtations with the wind. The wind comes boistering along on windy days, hits the Flatiron inattentively on its thin end, and next thing it has blown down a policeman and six ladies on Broadway, and has been hurled through a handful of plate glass windows across the street. The wind does not resent this treatment, but the ladies and the policemen think it rough, and one of the owners of plate glass, who is out of pocket by it, has brought suit against the Flatiron and wants damages. It is a novel and unprecedented suit which the owners of tall buildings will doubtless watch with interest if it ever comes to trial. What the Flatiron and the other cloud-capped edifices need is a wind-storage apparatus, which, instead of turning aside brisk breezes to the detriment of the neighbors, will gather their vagrant energy and turn it to account in running elevators and making electric light.



SUGGESTIONS FOR ARTISTIC STREET SIGNS.  
FOR THE GUIDANCE OF VISITING STRANGERS.

### A Valentine.



LONG, long ago, when the footsteps of men and women first began to beat along the path of life, the god of Love came down from heaven to dwell with them. It was before the days of archery, but Love could sing, and so, instead of wounding human hearts by shooting passion-tipped arrows into them, as he does nowadays, he lifted up his voice and sang, sang till the women looked up and held their breath to listen—till the men could not rest for the music throbbing in their hearts.

Love's wonderful

song has been vibrating along the ages, the most divine thing the human heart can know. When the wistful sweetness of the music reaches a woman's ears it fills her heart with a gladness which has no like in heaven. Sometimes the song is faint and far away, as if its broken measures were being practised on wandering wind harps by untutored fingers. But where Love truly abides the song grows strong and stays, teaching happiness, goodness, patience; making men willing to die for it—making them into the big-hearted, unselfish, gentle lovers—the Hims to whom all women pay loyal and tender homage, silently, in their hearts.

When the shadows of life lengthen and one, grown weary, ventures out into the unknown, the deathless song of Love seeks its way across the barrier of the eternal and pours its balm into severed hearts, soothing, healing, comforting.

A. J. W.

BRIGGS: Bilkins didn't get along with that rich girl he married, did he?

GRIGGS: No. She went back to her family, and he went back to his creditors.



## THE LATEST BOOKS

IT was hardly to be expected that the second novel in Frank Norris's trilogy of *The Wheat* should equal *The Octopus*, yet in spite of this realization *The Pit* is a disappointment. In the California story, the impotence of the human atoms before the impersonal power of the Octopus, at first dimly discerned, became little by little omniscient and unescapable, till tragedy was justified by its own grandeur. In *The Pit*, the current of the action is clogged and interrupted by petty detail, till the roar of the maelstrom of the Pit is drowned by the nearer bickerings of a mere love story. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

To the curiously inclined follower of fiction, a story of Rome by a native writer of acknowledged ability like Matilde Serao offers interesting opportunities of comparison with Marion Crawford, and with the twin bids for fame of Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine. *The Conquest of Rome* is in Mme. Serao's peculiar style, a broad effect produced by a series of minutely detailed pictures, and fully equals her Neapolitan stories in strength and interest. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Mr. Crossland's *The Unspeakable Scot* has roused the Highlander in one Angus McNeill, and a volume called *The Egregious English* is the result. Poor Scotland at least deserved a champion with some sense of humor. To Mr. McNeill, however, the faults of the English are no joke, and he enumerates their failings with the ponderous exactitude of the hopelessly matter of fact. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

An analysis of social and commercial conditions and an examination of their apparent tendencies, by W. G. Ghent, appear under the title of *Our Benevolent Feudalism*. The volume is exceptionally readable, the author being neither a worshipper of statistics on the one hand, nor a weaver of theories on the other, nor yet without a realization of the grim humor of facts as they are. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

*The Kiss of Glory* is a three-hundred-page elaboration by Grace Duffie Boylan of the story of Joseph and his coat of many colors. It is chiefly noticeable for the emphasis it places, by contrast, upon the superb literary value of one of the most perfect short stories ever written. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

Jesse Lynch Williams, in *New York Sketches*, calls our attention to the city of today from the view-point of the observer and the artist, instead of to the city of the past from the view-point of the antiquary. The book gives us an inkling of how much we pass daily with unseeing eyes. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.) J. B. Kerfoot.

## A MAN'S CONQUEST.

"I WONDER," said Castleton to himself, as he made his preparations to leave town, "just what is going to happen to me? Will she have me or not?"

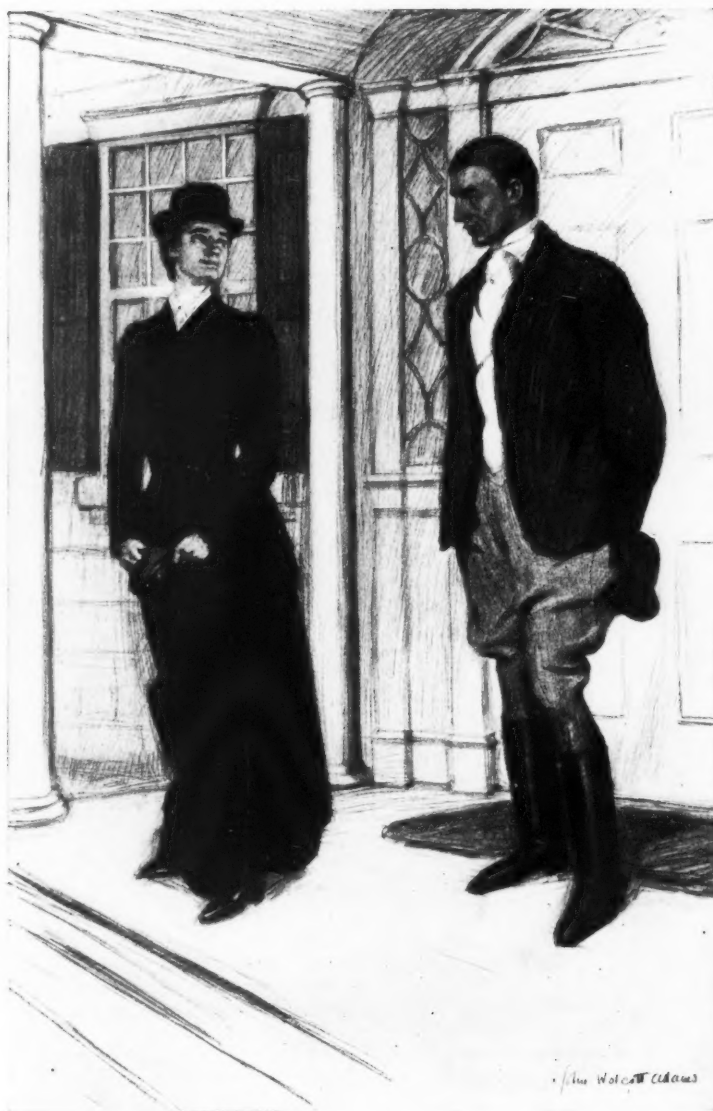
There is probably no more really happier period in a man's life than when, having fallen desperately in love, he is on the eve of proposing, and is doubtful of the result. The very uncertainty of his fate appeals to that spirit of adventure which every true man carries about in his heart—a souvenir of past ages: and the constant alternation between delight and despair produces that thorough elimination of other considerations and that utter absorption of mind and heart, which lift the victim into an epic world in which he is the colossal figure.

Castleton felt all this very keenly as he threw his things together to get ready for Mrs. Pinkerly's house party at



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

THE DEPARTMENT WHERE PUNISHMENT IS METED OUT TO THE WORLD'S NERVE-SHATTERING NOISE MAKERS—INCLUDING STREET-HAWKERS, AND THE INVENTOR OF THE AIR BRAKE USED ON THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.



"Castleton said a doubtful good morning."

Green Gables in the Jersey Hills. Preoccupied as he had been for the last ten years of his life with large business interests, he had had little time before this to cultivate the fair sex. Beyond an occasional dance, or a theatre party, or a ride in the Park, there had been no opportunity for him to enlarge upon Miss Winton's acquaintance. But here was a chance that he could not miss, so he accepted Mrs. Pinkerly's invitation with much pleasure, knowing that Miss Winton was to be one of the party. And he determined that it should not be his fault if, at the end of a week, or as much sooner as was possible, he had not succeeded in winning her for himself.

As luck would have it, when he stepped on the train at

Jersey City, there were Miss Winton and her maid, occupying the chairs in the parlor car directly opposite to his own.

"I am so glad you are to be one of us," she said cordially. There was even that in the slight pressure of her hand, or the indefinite something in her voice, that seemed to indicate perhaps a keener joy at his presence than her conventional words conveyed. "The Pinkerly's place, you know, is simply delightful. They have everything one can think of. Do you play games?"

"Why, I suppose so," said Castleton. "I am ready for anything, you know."

"Good!" said Miss Winton, her eyes flashing with health and vital energy. "We must start in early to-morrow morning, so that we shall not miss the early morning air. My maid knows one of the grooms, and I'll see that you get one of the best mounts—now, about what time shall we start?"

Castleton, living in his bachelor apartments, usually got up at eight, and after a bath and a hasty breakfast, was down at his office at a little after nine. But the "early morning air" that Miss Winton extolled so highly appealed to him, especially as there was the certainty of their being alone, so he said:

"Well, let's say seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock!" echoed his companion. "Why, the sun is way up then." And she added with a touch of scorn: "No, sir! It must be promptly at six, or not at all."

So at six sharp the next morning, Castleton said a doubtful good morning in the *porte cochere*. He had pulled himself out of his bed in the left wing half an hour before, in the cold gloom of an autumn morning, wondering how in the world he would manage that horse, for, if the truth be told, he had always been too busy to learn how to ride.

And now here was the animal, led out by the compliant groom, plunging and rearing, while Miss Winton, on her own mount, waved enthusiastically and impatiently to him.

Castleton sprang on the saddle and grasped the reins. The horse, knowing beast that he was, lost no time, but rushed forward madly, and, almost before he knew it, Castleton was spinning through the air. In a moment the girl he loved was bending over him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

He got up slowly.

"Not a bit," he said faintly. "But if you will excuse me, I guess I won't try that again. I've never had time enough to learn how to ride a horse."

"Never mind," said Miss Winton. "Let's play golf! I'll change my habit in a jiffy, and the links is only a mile away."

So to the links they went.

At the end of the fifteenth hole, Miss Winton was eight



"LOVE LAUGHS AT BOLTS AND BARS."

up and three to play. Her score at the finish was ninety-three. Castleton's was one hundred and twenty-four.

"You've played golf before, haven't you?" she asked sympathetically.

"Never to any extent," replied Castleton. "My time has been too much occupied."

"Well," said his companion, "let's go in and get some breakfast. I'm awfully hungry."

Her cheeks were red as roses. She seemed to walk on air. Castleton, on the contrary, was fagged out. He hadn't been used to this sort of thing. Nevertheless, for a man in love, he ate the breakfast of his life.

"What shall we do after breakfast?" said Miss Winton to the assembled guests.

Golf, bowling and ping-pong were in turn suggested.

"Perhaps you play ping-pong," said Miss Winton to Castleton. His eye brightened. He had passed the ball several nights at the club. Yes, he played ping-pong. In a few moments more, surrounded by a crowd of idle spectators, they began their game.

It did not take long to show Castleton that he was no match for his opponent. The score was six-two in her favor. He refused to play another set. Chagrined, angry with himself, he withdrew from the company, and walked off down the long lane of

maples that led away from the entrance.

"This will never do!" he said to himself. "I must win that girl some way, but how, when she is evidently determined to beat me at everything? It only makes me love her more than ever, and yet how she must despise me by this time. But I'll get her yet, in spite of her superiority!"

He walked back.

From out in the tennis court he heard the sound of voices and laughter, and thither he strolled.

Miss Winton was playing doubles.

"I'll be through in a few moments," she shouted as she saw him coming, "and then we'll play together."

Castleton smiled back and nodded.

"It's evident," he said to himself, "that she has set her heart on my complete defeat. Well, it's something if she is even interested enough in me to do that."

The game of tennis went the same way as the horseback riding, golf and ping-pong. Miss Winton won easily. Then came bowling, target practice, tether ball, and, in the evening, pool. It made no difference. This young and beautiful creature, full of life and spirits, superb in her excess of physical strength, had beaten him at everything.

They met in the lonely hall at midnight.

"You look tired," she said. "Are you going upstairs?"

"Not yet," he replied.

He looked full into her eyes. Then he reached out and took her hand in his.

"There is only one game you haven't beaten me at to-day," he said. "I shouldn't be able to sleep to-night until we had settled that also. I love you. Will you——"

Her head dropped on his shoulder.

"Yes," she replied, "of course."

Castleton didn't understand it even then.

"I cannot believe it," he half whispered. "Do you love me just as much as if I had beaten you all day instead of your beating me?"

She laughed softly.

"More," she said. "Why, that's the way you won me. Don't you know that in married life it is ever so much more important that a man should excel in worldly affairs, than that he should know how to play games?" T. M.

## A SOLDIER'S VALENTINE.



IT was only a square of paper lace  
Where roses and hearts entwine,  
And beneath them a loving word or two:  
Only a valentine.

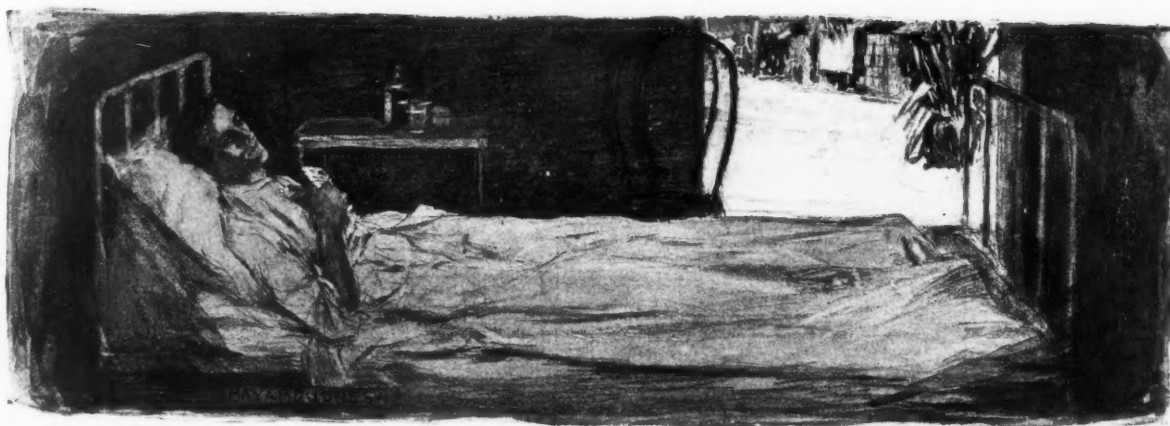
A frivolous thing, in an envelope  
All covered with cooing doves,  
Forget-me-nots, and hearts, and darts,  
And little ecstatic loves.

'Twas sent by a girl who kissed it once  
As she stood in the whirling snow,  
Where the lights from the corner store  
Through the storm  
Sent out a hazy glow.

But your Uncle Samuel must have  
guessed,  
No matter what else might wait,  
That letter must go, post-haste! post-  
haste!  
From here to the Golden Gate.

For across the river and over the hills  
And the prairies, on it flew;





It dodged a wreck, and it entered storms,  
And once 'twas the last train through!  
Then forth it put to the Western sea,  
Where the speeding waves upcurled;  
And the Cupids and love-birds sailed  
away  
To the other side of the world.

O wonderful scrap of paper lace!  
It went to a hospital bed  
Where a homesick soldier tossed and  
turned  
And would not be comforted;  
And somehow the soldier felt that day  
Soft arms, whose pressure he knew,

And home, and love, and health, and hope  
Thrilled him through and through.  
And he felt new love for our Uncle Sam  
Who had lent his trains and men  
And ships, that the whole wide world apart,  
Two hearts might meet again.  
*Florence E. Pratt.*



### Society.

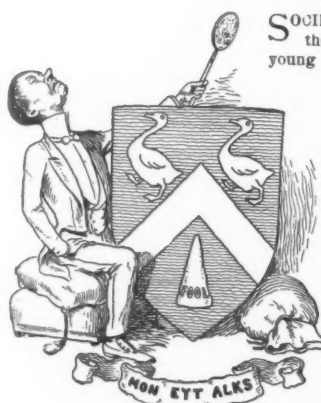
**S**OCIETY here has been enriched this winter by the election to Congress of several wealthy young men who have wives possessed of social aspirations.—*Washington Letter*.

Society, everywhere, is a factor in our complex life, one way or another. Indianapolis society, for instance, affects literature, mostly; Newport society, ethics. But Washington society is a political factor.

The time has been that any man who was twenty-five years old and had lived in the United States four years was eligible to Congress. Now, of course, a man has moreover to be sufficiently well

heeled to enable his womenfolks to go the pace set by Washington society.

This does not mean that only rich men may enter Congress. There are almost always interests to which a member may sell himself for enough to put up the necessary front.



### Success.

**T**HE Durbar seems to have been quite a success.

In the first place, it exploded the popular notion that Kitchener would never smile again.

Then Curzon fairly outdid himself. Everybody says his superciliousness is riper and more massive than ever.

Moreover, the Nizam of Hyderabad spent half a million dollars in Oriental fashion, thus demonstrating that the right man can shine socially even though he keeps his women in the background.

Last, but not least, India's starving millions went back to their starving, after it was all over, with a distinctly clearer and more adequate conception of their unimportance.

**FIRST PLUMBER:** Well, my doctor just telephoned me that something was wrong.

**SECOND PLUMBER:** He has been calling on you regularly, hasn't he?

"Yes, but now I'm going to return his visits."

**M**ARRIAGES are still made in heaven; but subject to the import duty.



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ADVISES.  
IF YOU CANNOT MAKE YOUR PRESENCE YOUR BI



ADVISES.

FOR PRESENCE OF YOUR BRAINS, DO IT WITH YOUR FEET.





### The Season at Its Zenith Point.



*The Wizard of Oz* was a very wicked old wiz, indeed, and made large bunches of trouble for little Dottie from Kansas and her amiable friends, *The Scarecrow* and *The Tinman*. But this little band of adventurers, carried into the Wizard's dominions by a Kansas cyclone, took their troubles not much to heart, and as the bulk of their experiences were of a most spectacular nature, the whole thing makes an amusing entertainment for New York audiences. With it goes any amount of fun, some music not difficult of comprehension, and a bewildering array of pretty and shapely girls in costumes elaborate in design but scant in material. The scenery is gorgeous and the

lighting effects are utilized in a way going to show that there is no limit to the possibilities of electricity as a stage accessory. Mr. Julian Mitchell is responsible for the mounting of the piece and for the stage management, and his results are calculated to dazzle and bewilder the spectator.

"*The Wizard of Oz*" is the opening attraction at the new Majestic Theatre, which marks the extreme extension of New York's theatre district to the North and West. The theatre is handsome in design and decoration, and the roominess of the seats and aisles is a delightful departure from the stinginess of space which makes so many of our theatres places of torture for the average-sized citizen.

MR. LOUIS MANN will be remembered gratefully as a very clever comedian of the German dialect school in a play where he was a subordinate character. His "*It is to Laugh*" has become almost classic. But Mr. Louis Mann as the hero of a four-act play, involving his almost constant presence on the stage, is a very different matter. He is very funny, to be sure, as the

German-American who, victimized by a practical joke, holds a commission from the Department of State of the State of New York as American Consul to a German principality, but it must be admitted that his dialect and grimacing pall upon one after the first hour or two. "*The Consul*" condensed into a two-act comedy and preceded by a curtain-raiser, with Mr. Mann in a different line of work, would give him better opportunity and please his audiences more.

VERY unlike his former plays is Captain Robert Marshall's "*The Unforeseen*." From the light vein of "*His Excellency, The Governor*" and "*A Royal Family*" it is a serious drop into a play which opens with a death in the first act, and whose whole atmosphere is permeated with the dead gentleman's ghostly presence. Add to this a blind clergyman as a hero, and we have a sense of gloom which even the sunny vitality of Mr. Fritz Williams as a sixteen-year-old boy is not able to dispel. Nor can Captain Marshall be justified in his choice of material by the display of any great expertness as a playwright. The principal interest centres in Margaret Anglin as the bride of the blind clergyman, impersonated by Mr. Charles Richman. This lady, who has one of the customary I-am-going-away-from-here parts, seems to have gained better control over her facial expression than she had last season, and in the emotional scenes shows very considerable power kept under good control. The other characters are subsidiary and well done. "*The Unforeseen*" is certainly not very blithe and merry, and is not remarkably interesting.

Metcalfe.

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music*.—"Florodora." Like the brook.  
*Belasco*.—"The Darling of the Gods." Tragic story of Japanese life. A most artistic production.  
*Bijou*.—"Mr. Clyde Fitch's "*The Bird in the Cage*." Not for the young person.  
*Broadway*.—"The Silver Slipper." Musical comedy, chiefly notable for Mr. Seastrooke's "*Mr. Dooley*."  
*Casino*.—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical comedy. Moderately amusing.  
*Criterion*.—"Julia Marlowe in "*The Cavalier*." Play of the Rebellion. Interesting.  
*Daly's*.—"The Billionaire." Musical comedy. Commonplace and not very refined.  
*Garden*.—"Mr. Sothern in "*If I Were King*." Excellent play, well acted.  
*Garrick*.—"Annie Russell in "*Mice and Men*." Notice later.  
*Herald Square*.—"De Wolf Hopper in "*Mr. Pickwick*." Not Dickens, but musical comedy on rather unusual lines.  
*Knickerbocker*.—"Mr. Blue Beard." Notice later.  
*Manhattan*.—"Mary of Magdala." Mrs. Fiske as heroine of New Testament story.  
*New York*.—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Tuneful fun.  
*Princess*.—"Louis Mann in "*The Consul*." See above.  
*Savoy*.—"Mr. Fitch's "*The Girl with the Green Eyes*," with Mrs. Bloodgood as the star. Amusing.  
*Victoria*.—"The Eternal City" and Viola Allen. Fairly interesting drama of life in modern Rome.  
*Wallack's*.—"The Sultan of Sulu." Bright and tuneful musical comedy.  
*Weber and Fields's*.—"Burlesque and vaudeville. Diverting. Persons wishing good seats can secure them from near-by speculators.



SOME OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ."



IT DRAWS THE LIGHTNING.

### Depressing.

THE story that the stringent new regulations as to what officers of the army shall wear on their feet were occasioned by a certain captain having appeared in full uniform with buff shoes makes the earth seem pretty thin under our feet. What profits it a people to gain the whole world, if they can't have faith in their army?

A nation does not live by unexampled prosperity alone.

One almost wishes that mankind had never emerged from the condition of the cave-dweller, who knew nothing either of buff shoes or world-politics.

### Music.

THAT Mr. Bagby's musical mornings have been appreciated was shown by the size and close attention of his audience.

Although composed chiefly of the fair sex, which loves to hear itself talk, and is seldom given to applause, the artists must have been gratified by the intelligent interest taken in their achievements.

The song recital is a severe test, and Mesdames Adams, Schumann-Heink and Gadski, and M. Gilibert again proved their artistic merit. As for Mme. Sembrich, her ability in this and other musical fields is well known.

**A Personal Case.**

'TIS versifier's fortune fine  
To have on hand both "thine" and  
"mine"  
In constant rhyme with "valentine."

But, dearest, I could strive to see  
The rhyme so changed that it might be  
Your Valentine could rhyme with Me.

*James March Leonard.*

**Consecrated.**

"I DOUBT the power of any university,"  
says John Bascom, "to turn money  
that has been made at the expense of the  
community to the welfare of the com-  
munity."

This is to intimate either that the proto-  
plasmic cell cannot be artificially produced,  
no matter how much money is spent for  
biological laboratories, or how big salaries  
are paid the professors in charge of these, or  
else that common people wouldn't be much  
benefited by being enabled to live forever.

Dr. Bascom is a teacher of moral philoso-  
phy in a college whose endowment is dis-  
tinctly less than twenty millions. Naturally  
he is more or less out of touch with the most  
advanced thought.

As for the masses, they have no misgiv-  
ings. With them it is no longer the narrow  
old doctrine, "A penny saved is a penny  
earned," but the grander, worthier truth, "A  
penny per gallon more for oil is a penny  
consecrated."

—THEN WHAT THE  
DEUCE DO WE CARE—



SUGGESTED inscription for the  
pedestal of the monument pre-  
sented by the Emperor of Germany to  
the people of the United States, by the  
Grace of God free and independent.

THIS KING,  
FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA,  
HAD CONSIDERABLE SKILL IN WAR.  
THIS EXHAUSTS HIS PRAISES.  
HE SUBMITTED, IN MANHOOD, TO BE CANED  
BY HIS RUFFIAN OF A FATHER.  
HE WAS AN UNKIND HUSBAND  
TO A SUBMISSIVE WIFE.  
HIS FIRST ACT OF SOVEREIGNTY  
WAS  
TO ROB HIS NEIGHBOR,  
THAT NEIGHBOR BEING A WOMAN.  
THE REASON HE GAVE FOR THIS ROBBERY  
WAS  
THAT THIS WOMAN WAS TIMID AND  
HELPLESS.  
BUT SHE PROVED TO BE NEITHER,  
AND GAVE HIM THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE.  
HIS MORALS WERE UNSPEAKABLY BAD.  
HE SCOFFED AT RELIGION.  
HIS GOVERNMENT WAS WORTHY OF  
THE DARK AGES.  
HE WAS THE EMBODIMENT  
OF BRUTE FORCE.  
HE TRAMPLED UPON HIS OWN LAWS.  
HE DESPISED DEMOCRACY,  
AND SAID  
THAT AMERICA WOULD SOON RETURN TO  
"THE GOOD OLD WAY OF MONARCHY!"  
AMERICANS!  
HONOR THIS KING!



IN THE GOOD  
OLD SUMMER  
TIME—

WINTER AND SUMMER.

**A Queen of Hearts.**

(VALENTINE.)

HOW many hearts with rapture beat  
And long to have and hold you,  
Sweet!

It is disquieting to know  
That, of the many beating so,  
When love and fate their web have spun,  
There shall be joy for only one!

It must be difficult to tell  
Just wisely how to choose and well,—  
There are so many in the game,  
Their tender stories all the same:  
Bewildering the task must be,—  
So many locks, and but one key!

O, maiden of my dream and song,  
Round whom these hopeful lovers throng,  
When you select one, have a care,  
For my heart is among them there:  
Choose then to-day, dear Valentine,  
And may the happy heart be mine!

*Felix Carmen.*

**The Nude.**

IF Adam and Eve had not sinned,  
nobody would be wearing clothes.  
That is entirely clear.

But who shall affirm that the W. C.  
T. U. would be anywise more tolerant  
of the nude?

It may be that the fall of man was a  
clever scheme to avoid trouble.





"BOBBIE, DID YOU KNOW I WAS GOING TO MARRY YOUR SISTER?"  
"OH, YES. WHEN DID YOU FIND IT OUT?"



PLUTOCRAT'S CHANT.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Trusts are but an empty dream,  
And the merger dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.  
Trusts are real, trusts are earnest,  
Wealth unbounded is their goal,  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest  
Was not spoken of King Coal.

—B. Prieth, in *The Whim*.

WHILE President Roosevelt's boys are diverting Washington society with their doings, President Hadley's children are as entertainingly contributing to the gayety of New Haven and the Yale campus. Some of the stories about Arthur T. Hadley, Jr. (and these are the ones most relished by the students), have led him to be punningly referred to as the minus scion of a noble house.

One of them relates that he recently took possession of the bathroom, and patriotically reproduced the battle of Santiago in the tub with miniature warships of his own make. After a time his mother ordered him out, as she wished to take a bath. Young Hadley, however, unheedingly continued to loop the loop.

Opportunely his father arrived and commanded

the boy through the keyhole to abdicate. The boy said nothing, but was too wise to oppose his father. Soon the water was heard running from the tub, the key turned in the lock, and out marched Master Arthur. Not a word did he say until he had opened the front door and provided an avenue of escape. Then his voice arose defiantly:

"Well," he shouted, "I came out for you, but I've got the plug to the tub with me, and the President of Yale College himself couldn't take a bath now!"—*New York Times*.

THE story is told of a young man in West Gardner who called one night a few weeks ago upon a young lady who lived a considerable distance from his home. It was raining hard that night and when the young man started to take his leave at about 11 o'clock the mother of the young lady upon whom he had been calling told him that he had better remain there that night and occupy the spare chamber. He told them that he thought perhaps he would, but upon their return to the front room after a few minutes' absence they found that their visitor had gone. Supposing that he had changed his mind and decided to spend the night at home, they locked the doors and started to retire, when there came a knock at the door. Upon opening it they

found the young man with a little bundle under his arm. He explained that he had just been home after his night clothing.—*Gardner (Mass.) News*.

Two old pals met on the street.

"I saw you in the liquor men's parade Tuesday," one of them said.

"Oh, yes."

"Now, you tell me about it. Who were those fellows in front on horses?"

"Those? Why, those were the wholesalers."

"Well, who were those fellows in carriages?"

"Those fellows in plug hats, smoking the big black cigars?"

"Yes."

"They were the distillers and brewers."

"Who were those fellows walking there with the white plug hats, white coats and gold-headed canes?"

"They were the retailers."

"Who were those fellows that brought up the rear?"

"Fellows with cauliflower noses and fringe on their pants—the crowd I was with?"

"Yes."

"Oh, they were the consumers."—*The Delawarean*.

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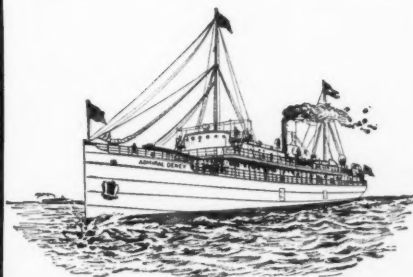
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SETTLED OUT OF COURT.  
A rogue met a pretty young Mrs.,  
A widow, and stole a few Krs.;  
And the lady, though she was astounded,  
Said she'd wave prosecution  
If he'd make restitution,  
So the felony soon was compounded.

—Philadelphia Press.

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LAUREL-IN-THE-PINES.

"I GUESS we would be amused if we could see  
ourselves as others see us."

"But think how amused others would be if they  
could see us as we see ourselves."—Philadelphia  
Press.

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WHEN Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clar-  
ence, afterward William the Fourth of England,  
went down to Portsmouth to inspect the naval es-  
tablishment, the first person he met was his jolly  
old messmate and friend, Captain Jack Towers.  
The prince took him by the hand and laughingly  
said: "Why, Jack, my boy, they tell me you are  
the greatest blackguard in all Portsmouth!" "Oh,"  
quoth Towers, "I hope your royal highness has not  
come down here to deprive me of my character."—  
Argonaut.

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fort, Va., with its history—its Fort—its gentle  
Southern atmosphere is waiting to welcome you. A  
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Southern newspaper, an old negro whose testimony  
had been questioned by the lawyer delivered this  
defense of his character:

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heah ten years. I ain't neber been lynched, en de  
only hoss I ever stole frowed me en bruk bofe my  
laigs."—Youth's Companion.

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those trunks?

PORTER: Yis, sor; in a few minutes.

"Well, when you've finished, stretch the lifenet  
over the front pavement. Mrs. Hibawl has just  
telephoned from the top floor that her husband has  
fallen out of the window."—Smart Set.

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Not forgetting me and mine;  
And when thee and thine  
Come to see me and mine,  
May me and mine make thee and thine  
As welcome as thee and thine  
Have ever made me and mine."

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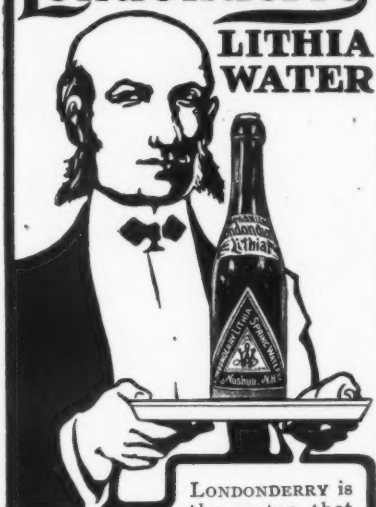
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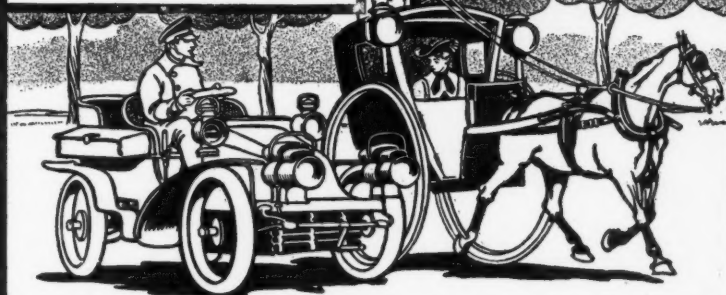
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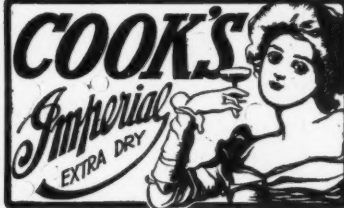
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THE CITY OF NEW YORK,  
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS,  
MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN,  
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING,  
January 12, 1903.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED  
by the Greater New York Charter, that the books  
called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation  
of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Man-  
hattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond,  
comprising The City of New York," will be open for  
examination and correction on the second Monday of  
January, and will remain open until the

During the time that the books are open to public  
inspection, application may be made by any person  
or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the as-  
sessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the  
same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of  
the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280  
Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the  
Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and  
Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the De-  
partment, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the De-  
partment, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and  
Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the  
Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make appli-  
cation only at the main office in the Borough of Man-  
hattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of  
personal estate must be made by the person assessed  
at the office of the Department in the Borough where  
such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident  
carrying on business in The City of New York, at  
the office of the Department of the Borough where such  
place of business is located between the hours of 10  
A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all ap-  
plications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12  
noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President,  
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,  
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,  
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,  
RUFUS L. SCOTT.

Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.



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